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## A Malihini's Letters

NO. 10.

My Dear Arthur:—It might not be amiss for the Health Department to investigate the why and the wherefore of certain employees who are in the habit of sweeping out the accumulations of dirt from various stores and banks of this city into the streets after 9 a. m. As the streets at that hour are usually crowded with pedestrians going to their several vocations, it is very annoying to have clouds of dust stirred up and blown into one's eyes while passing these places of business. The streets are quite dusty enough as it is without having more added to them.

There is a lack of public drinking fountains in this city for both man and beast. The members of the W. C. T. U. should certainly get busy and pass the hat round amongst the prohibitionists with a view to having drinking fountains erected at convenient places throughout the city.

Local prohibitionists are making a great fuss about the number of saloons and the increase in drunkenness, but it is only to be expected if there is a dearth of public drinking fountains. People who have a certain amount of pride and self-respect, would hesitate before entering a saloon to ask for a drink of water, especially if the bar happened to be lined with puffy cheeked individuals, who in all probability never used water except to bathe in.

On the mainland, drinking fountains are to be found in nearly all the principal cities and even in small towns of Southern California. Many of these have been erected by the W. C. T. U. At present I have seen only one public drinking fountain in this city, and that just outside the Y. M. C. A.

Water can be obtained at all drug stores; but it would be an imposition and a hardship to ask the dispenser of "soft drinks" to hand out water to every Tom, Dick and Harry, who happened to be thirsty. Soda fountains are operated solely for profit and ought not to be converted into free public spas.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should most assuredly erect a few drinking troughs for the convenience of horses and dogs, throughout the city. These should be of iron and enameled. The horse troughs now being installed on the mainland for the convenience of animals are of enamel. These are easily cleaned and the water will be purer than if allowed to stand in wooden troughs, which soon become water-logged and covered with moss.

These troughs should be placed under proper shade, so that the water will remain cool. The immediate surroundings should be cobbed or macadamized, so that animals will not have to stand in stagnant pools or in mud while drinking. I do not know how active the local Society is, but judging from the many half-starved, mangy looking canines and the poor specimens of horse flesh occasionally met with in various parts of the city, the fines collected for neglecting these poor animals, added to the collections made by the W. C. T. U. would more than pay for establishing a system of public drinking fountains for both man and beast.

On many of the vacant lots in and about the city are to be seen notice boards, bearing the mystic signs: Kapu, Nas Se Passa Aqul, which being interpreted means: No Thoroughfare. As most of these lots are in a disgraceful state of neglect and are for the most part choked with weeds and rank grass, it seems superfluous that these notice boards should have been erected, as they only tend to attract attention to the untidy and unkempt condition of many of these lots.

The owners of these should have enough civic pride in them to have these cleared. It would be a comparatively easy matter to get these lots cleaned if expense to be considered. Owners of stables might be induced to

clean these by allowing them to have all the grass growing on them, which could be used as fodder or bedding for horses or cattle. Such experiments have been tried before with great success.

Furthermore, owners of such lots could rent them to enterprising people to grow vegetables upon, with the understanding that a proportion of the crops thus grown be given the owner of such lots in compensation for such a privilege. In this way, property owners would be supplied with fresh vegetables and in addition would have the satisfaction of knowing that their vacant property was not only being kept clean, but was an ornament to the city.

Doubtless you will be surprised when I tell you that I was called into court last Saturday morning to appear as a witness. In marked contrast to his honor the presiding judge and the prosecuting attorney, both of whom were most courteous, the defendant's attorney, who by all accounts is a most estimable man, was just the reverse. He asked so many irrelevant and seemingly impertinent questions that the prosecuting attorney had to step in and ask him to refrain from such cross-examination. Being sustained by his honor the judge, the defendant's attorney, to use a slang term, had to "take a back seat."

This practice of asking peculiar and irrelevant questions in the course of cross-examination is closely akin to the antics of a very enthusiastic baseball fan who says and does things for the sole purpose of "rattling" the pitcher. I suppose the defending attorney tries to "rattle" the witness by asking such peculiar and at times really funny questions.

I have known men on the witness stand "bait" the defending attorney most unmercifully, much to the delight of the spectators. But I consider that the dignity of the court should at all times be upheld. As this was my first appearance and being a Malihini, the opposing attorney was not too irrelevant, but he might have been if he had not been promptly checked by the prosecuting attorney, who behaved in a most courteous manner.

It seems such a roundabout method to "bait" witnesses on the stand by asking questions that appear to have nothing whatever to do with the case. Perhaps it is to break the monotony of the court, but it seems to me that much valuable time is thus wasted for which the "dear public" have to pay. However, if the fellow is paid to ask these questions it must be all right, but what bothers me, is why another man should have to be employed to keep him in check.

As I hear that you are leaving for Honolulu for a two month's visit, I will wait until your return to California before writing you any more Malihini letters. These letters have undoubtedly done a great deal of good, but on the other hand some people's feelings have been hurt. But it was unintentional, as a Malihini is not supposed to familiarize himself with all phases of conditions which prevail here within the space of three months.

Since these letters first appeared, the Promotion Committee have condemned the sale of fake picture post cards, action is now being taken to have Waikiki Beach cleared of coral, or at least a certain portion cleared of this dangerous growth so that bathers may enjoy a dip in the briny without fear of injury. The Shippers' Wharf Committee have made an appropriation of \$1000 a month towards the campaign which the Board of Health is now waging against mosquitoes, which have now become a menace to the public

health. The side-walks are to be looked after, an adequate water supply is now assured, and several other important matters are being taken in hand which were mentioned in these letters at one time or another.

I will greet you upon your arrival and will present you with a flower lei, which is one of the prettiest customs in the world. I hope rain will fall soon, so that everything may be fresh and clean when you arrive so that your first impressions may be nice ones. Honolulu as I have said before is a mighty pretty little city and the people are more than hospitable, so a good time is in store for you.

### VALUABLE HINTS ON HONEY BEE KEEPING

Eastern Keepers Give Varied Experiences With the Busy Worker—  
The Queen Bee and Bee Ways.

At a convention of beekeepers held in the States recently many new kinks and wrinkles were talked over. Whether they are adaptable to these islands can best be answered by those engaged in beekeeping. Arthur C. Miller, a noted beekeeper says:

It is the general custom among beekeepers to introduce a strange laying queen to a colony by placing her in a cage and allowing the bees to extricate her by eating away a piece of cardboard and eating the candy from the hole through which she is to emerge. It often happens that the beekeeper gets impatient to find out whether the queen has been let out of the cage or not, and when he opens the hive it enrages the bees and they sometimes kill her, blaming her for the disturbance. At this time of the year it sometimes happens that the bees eat out the candy, but keep the queen a prisoner. Mr. Miller has introduced about 200 queens of late by simply lifting the cover of the hive and dropping the new queen quietly on top of the brood frames. He watches to see if the bees begin to eat unkindly toward her and if so he gives them such a smoking that they are at once in a furore and gorge themselves with honey and by the time things are quieted down the queen has the "colony odor" and all is well. Mr. Miller has lost but two queens by this simple method, and those would not have been lost, he believes, if he had studied more carefully the character of the bees. Some are nervous and irritable and care has to be taken in giving such bees a strange queen. But ordinarily Mr. Miller has no difficulty at all.

A. W. Yates of Hartford, a queen breeder, said that he would not dare send out queens with instructions to introduce them in that simple way. He should expect the majority to be killed.

When two or more colonies have been mixed, Mr. Miller cautioned the beekeepers not to introduce a virgin queen until the bees had settled down. She can then be allowed to run in quietly. In introducing her to a normal colony he said that the bees would always accept her kindly if there were no brood in the combs.

When asked to name the factors that keep his bees from swarming, Mr. Miller mentioned four. The strain of bees has a great deal to do with it, the time of putting in new queens (August being recommended); plenty of space below the brood frames and a large entrance; a proper hive. He regarded a proper hive as a large one with a dark colored paper covering. Such a hive may stand in the sun at a temperature of 120 degrees, or remain outdoors during zero weather, and if the entrance is large enough swarming will be about unknown in summer and in the winter the moisture will be taken care of.

Living Skeleton (president of Freaks' Secret Society)—"Our organization, ladies and gentlemen will be complete when we have selected a treasurer. Who shall he be?"  
Members (in hearty chorus)—"The Legless Wonder"—Globe.

## THREE DAYS IN THE SADDLE ACROSS DOMINICA

(By Marshall D. Taylor.)

Having heard so much of the beauties of the Leeward Islands and armed with a pressing invitation from an Anglo-Indian planter, who owned a large estate in Dominica, I left Kingston, Jamaica in company with young Bullen, for Barbados, from which port transshipment was made into one of the intercolonial steamers for Roseau. Leaving Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, on a Monday, the vessel anchored off Castries, the capital of St. Lucia, the following morning. Although it was only 6:30 a. m. the heat was very trying and as there was nothing of interest outside the botanical gardens, which were beautiful, it was indeed a pleasure when the time came to sail.

St. Pierre, the then capital of Martinique, was the next port of call. This is a most beautiful island, and, previous to the late terrible visitation, St. Pierre was a flourishing city. Having landed the mails, the vessel steamed away to Roseau, which port was reached at 5:30 p. m. on Tuesday.

Roseau looked very pretty from the sea. The Anglican church, the Catholic cathedral and the Wesleyan chapel, all built on commanding sites, nestling at the base of rugged mountains and surrounded by dense tropical foliage, resembles Honolulu. On landing, however, one's fond hopes are blighted. The streets, if such they could be called, were unkempt and paved with large cobble stones which made walking and riding difficult. This, coupled with the awful stench from the boiling sulphur lake, caused a feeling of uneasiness; as until it was ascertained where this odor came from, the drains were thought to have been neglected. So overpowering are the fumes at certain periods that an American tourist and his guide, who ventured too close to the crater, were suffocated and their bodies recovered only after the greatest difficulty.

Roseau, as the name implies is typically French. French is the language spoken, and the negroes have not only adopted the dress, but the courtly manners of the French people. At the time of our visit there were about twenty whites, a great number of creoles and half-creoles, and some 6000 negroes. The Hon. Hezekiah Bell, the then administrator of the island now Governor of Uganda, invited us both to dine with him at the Government House. The following day we accompanied him to St. John's, his mountain retreat, where the day was spent in inspecting the new road and the Lancashire coffee estate; the ride back to Roseau in the cool of the evening was delightful.

As my friend had purchased an estate on the northern side of the island he was desirous of paying it a visit. This meant three days in the saddle, through some of the wildest portions of the island. Considerable difficulty was experienced with the carriers the first day, so much so that instead of arriving at the camping ground before dark, Roseau was not reached until after 9 p. m.

After leaving Roseau, the trail passed through some of Rose's lime and lemon estates, where the process of converting the fruit into lime juice and concentrates was witnessed. The trail then led us to an elevation of some 4000 feet, where a hut was called on the banks of some fresh water lakes. Here it began to rain, and to add to our discomfort a thick fog enveloped the mountain.

It was 5 p. m. and several hours' hard riding still had to be accomplished. We agreed to separate, I riding ahead to make arrangements for the night and to send out men with lanterns to meet Bullen and the carriers.

So dark was it that it was with the greatest difficulty that my horse was able to pick his way down the steep and slippery mountain path. On

reaching the plains a light was seen gleaming from a charcoal burner's hut in the forest. After much delay its occupant opened the door in a half-hearted manner, but seeing that the visitor was a white man, he became profuse in his apologies. He pointed out the way to Roseau, saying that it was only one hour's ride. After what seemed an interminable time, another hut was reached. In broken English an old negro replied that Roseau was not "too far," only one hour. It was then pitchdark and the rain was coming down in torrents. The lights of a village on the opposite bank of a raging torrent were seen, but as it was impossible to see the ford the horse was given his head.

So afraid are West Indian negroes of "Olah" men that it was with reluctance the villagers opened their doors. Upon making inquiries, it was found that Roseau was still two miles distant, so nothing daunted, the journey was continued. As luck would have it, the village was on the opposite side of a river, now swollen to twice its usual size. Giving the horse its head, and after sundry splashes and much splashing, the bank was reached in a leap. A light was seen burning in a nearby house, which turned out to be the village constables'. After routing out the guard, which consisted of a negro corporal and one solitary private, the situation was explained.

Having fed and made my horse comfortable for the night, the private helped wash up the few dishes and cooking utensils. The corporal in the meantime had very thoughtfully paid a visit to the village, returning with a number of garments, chief of which was one of his mother's skirts. These I donned, being only too glad to get into dry clothes.

As Bullen and the carriers had not arrived, the private made the rounds of the village and engaged the services of several men. Armed with lanterns and ropes, these waited on the banks of the river. After what appeared an hour, Bullen and his men emerged from the forest and were quickly hauled through the muddy waters.

At the time of our visit the village of Roseau consisted of about twenty grass huts and a population of some 100 negroes. Just prior to leaving Roseau we had taken the precaution to call upon the Inspector of Police, who gave us his card and a letter to the corporal at Roseau, to the effect that one of the two rooms in the constable's house was to be put at our disposal for the night, and we were also to have exclusive use of the two beds.

At daybreak the horses were fed and groomed and seemed none the worse for the long and trying journey of the previous day. After a hearty breakfast the journey was continued to Chesterville, where lunch was eaten under a grove of cocoanut palms. After a couple of hours' rest and a swim in the sea we remained in the saddle the whole of that afternoon and reached St. Marie before dark. Here the night was spent at a Jesuit priest's house.

St. Marie is in the heart of the Carib country, and consisted of three large buildings—the church, the priest's house, and the negro schoolmaster's cottage—surrounded by a number of huts. The church is entirely built of wood and quite a large building for so sparsely a populated district. The priest's house contained two rooms and a porch. As its owner was away, we had it all to ourselves. Sleep was out of the question, and very much like performing a penance, as the bed consisted of several packing cases of uneven size and shape, covered with a straw mattress.

As so few Europeans ever visited St. Marie, a deputation of the leading citizens, headed by the negro school-

master, who was closely followed by the sexton and the priest's cook, a buxom negress, waited on us, and invited us to inspect the church, which served also as a school. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived, and almost time for the children to be dismissed. As we entered the children stood at attention and repeated very solemnly these words: "Good morning, sars." Two songs were then sung after which the school broke up.

Mary, the schoolmaster's sister offered her services as cook. Having procured a couple of eggs apiece, she set before us what she considered her masterpiece. It certainly was a stunner when the cover was lifted and the four eggs were disclosed, floating in all their glory on a red grease foundation. At first it was thought to be tomato sauce and we thanked her for all the trouble she had taken. One taste was sufficient, however, for directly she left the room the contents were carefully consigned to the bush.

Just before retiring for the night the Carib chief paid a surprise visit. He was a venerable looking old man dressed in spotless white and spoke a French patois which at first it was difficult to understand. He presented each of us with a hen's egg and apologized that his wife was unable to come on account of ill health. We returned the visit and took with us a bottle of rum. The whole village turned out, and as it was a beautiful moonlight night, we sat around a large log fire and listened to Carib songs and music.

These people are of Red Indian descent, and at one time were addicted to cannibalism. Their principal settlement is now in the Republic of Honduras, where they form a prosperous part of the population. They still retain their original language and many of their peculiar customs. Their immigration into Honduras dates back from about 1796, when the British, weary of the continual disturbances which they occasioned, transported them in a body from Dominica and St. Vincent, so that now there are only a few in the islands of the West Indies.

A very restless night was passed, as the horses began to fight as to which should have the larger share of sugar cane tops, with the result that my horse changed stalls with that of Bullen, in doing which he received a severe laceration of his near hind leg.

After saying "Howdy" to the school children the following morning a sumptuous repast was prepared, in which the Carib chief's two eggs, which later proved to be of uncertain age, formed the "piece de resistance." Mary seemed to have brought all her culinary skill to bear upon this special dish, believing that the honor paid us the previous night was worthy of her best efforts. So proud was she that, only under pretext of asking her to bring us some hot water, could we induce her to leave the room. Directly her back was turned the dish was emptied of its dangerous contents into a hermetically sealed cracker tin, the whole being carefully dropped into the nearest river.

A three hours' ride brought us to Hatton Hall, where lunch was taken with a Mr. Musgrave. He was the first white man we had seen for three days. Negroes were dispatched post-haste to the river, soon returning with a fine mess of crayfish, which, with other delicacies, were much relished. A short ride through magnificent forests made more beautiful by the presence of tree ferns and blooming orchids brought us to Melville Hall, our destination.

Like all Anglo-Indians, our host treated us most hospitably. The finest of bathing, both in river and in ocean, were indulged in, and carte blanche was given us to fish and shoot when and where we pleased. Melville Hall estate comprised about 1400 acres, most of which was planted out in sugar cane, cacao, coffee, lime and nutmegs, so that our stay, if only from a botanical point of view, was most interesting and enjoyable.

Instead of returning to Roseau via St. Marie and St. John's, we skirted the western slope of Mt. Diabolo, putting up for the night with the manager of

one of Cadbury's estates. From here by easy stages Buccaneer Cove was reached, where the coasting steamer Spey was boarded which carried us back to Roseau the following afternoon.

### TRYING TO TAKE BIG EXPRESS COMPANY AWAY FROM PLATT.



NEW YORK, Mar. — Legal

proceedings are again pending in the Supreme Court of New York State in the suit brought by some of the stockholders of the United States Express Company to take the control of the company out of the hands of the family of the late Senator Thomas C. Platt, recently deceased. Edward T. Platt, recently deceased, Edward T. Platt and Frank H. Platt, sons of the Senator, are treasurer and counsel respectively of the company. The stockholders who object to the Platt control are able to muster a voting strength of more than half of the 100,000 shares of the stock, but a two-thirds majority is required to call an election, according to the special law under which the company was incorporated. This majority the so-called minority stockholders have never been able to obtain, and the courts have thus far refused to grant their petition for an examination of the books, an open meeting and an election. The protesting stockholders charge that under Senator Platt's management the affairs of the company have not been efficiently handled.

"Why do you refuse me an interview, Mr. Gotrox? I only wanted to ask you how you earned your first thousand dollars." "Excuse me, young man; I thought you wanted to know how I got that last million."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What was the greatest speech ever made in Congress?" "If you mean the greatest ever delivered, I don't know. The greatest ever made, I wrote myself, but was unable to get the Speaker's eye."—Cleveland Leader.

"A farmer's daughter once wrote her name on an egg." "How romantic! What happened?" "She was married and the mother of three children before that egg got out of cold storage."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The state militia will be placed under the department commander of regular army.